

Enter the Queens, and the Duches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamenteations.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant moine, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.

Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-weried tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantageact, why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.

I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.

Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:

I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpt to kill him:

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell.

*Duplicate
of leaf
J. 2, the
revers of
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the book
itself is
badly
impressed.*